361 Finally, we left, and went to the center of Balombaru.
346 Then we went off on a side road, well away from the main kampong, where the karaeng, imam and the mosque are located. The road is dusty and bumpy. Upon arrival there we went to Rahim's house. He pointed out his mother who seemed to be a rather old woman, but who was nursing a child, I thought. In front of the house, which was not too good, was a Koran school which consisted merely of a covered place with a platform and a few benches. Here were about three small boys sitting around. It is almost a part of the house and seemed to me to show the tendency to crowd things together. No teacher was present so far as I could see, but there was one small boy, perhaps nine years old, who had a Koran open and was looking at it. We went into the small
576 front yard of the house and out came Rahim's father. He was
593 an old fellow, very self-possessed, and I found out later that he is a thatcher. There were nipa bundles and thatch layers all around. I noticed that Rahim paid practically no attention to his mother. He talked apparently without any emotion or formality to his father, and with no show of pleasure. I wonder if this is normal (Rahim is a Mohammedan).
123 Then we went to the house of one of the kampong elders
342 after Rahim had explained to his father what I was doing. This
352 elder's house was in pretty good condition, with a sitting room
177 under the main part, that is, in the fenced underpart which is evidently not usually used for living. All of these houses have stairs leading to the main part of the house. And in most cases there are a few boards over an open gutter in front. As we talked I noted a girl next door pounding rice. We sat down
123 after the old man came in, around a table using chairs just as
291 in a European house. The old man was dressed in a European
177 style shirt. All these older people seemed to wear a type of plaited songkok [a cap or hat, especially of a type worn by Moslems], while the younger folks wore felt ones. This
000 fellow was very dignified. Then two others came in. One was evidently a storekeeper, the other one I am not sure. They were a bit more giggly, but not markedly so. The old man was very impressive. Rahim gave a long recital, again including the Malino story. One of the wives was very amused by it and he went over it again. Nothing was served here. I
203 found out about the administrative structure of the village as
666 above. I also found out about elections. Rahim said that when
624 elections were held, or there was another important matter
● 596 to be discussed, a drum is beaten to call all the men to a meeting. The karaeng stands there but says nothing. Beside

him stands the kampong chief. The latter calls for a vote, and each elder votes, his family members invariably voting on his side. They are not formally designated, it seems that each of the elders is approximately equivalent to the head of an extended family, though perhaps not all of his clingers-on are his relatives. And voting is by such blocs. Perhaps this is changing? For example, suppose a man like Rahim is against his father's vote, and thus the family bloc splits. 203 666 624 596

While Rahim was talking in Makassarese I questioned van Heekeren further. He said that he thought most, if not all, kampong folks still were very firm in their beliefs in the karaeng's mana. Finally, after the old man said that he was willing to help out on the project, we started to leave. As we did, the storekeeper invited us all to his store next door. Before this, children gathered at the front door and the old man shooed them away. He kept ordering people around too. For example, he told one to lay a cloth over a broken place in the roof where the sun was striking van-Heekeren. 778 565 574

The store hasa brick underwall, and a house above. It appears good and cool. The keeper prepared an ice and berry soda. He kept filling the glasses. They always accepted my cigarettes. We sat around a table and Rahim talked further, as van Heekeren and I listened or talked between ourselves. We sat for a long time.

I saw a school book which was reminiscent of the United States. It was for the first grade, and for Malay. Rahim said it was used in the village school, which we saw later in a larger kampong opposite the mosque (earlier we had seen the Mohammedan school, also in a good building), and it appeared to be a large and rather good structure in the usual style, i.e., a white building. Rahim said that they used Makassarese throughout the six grades of local schooling, but began Malay slowly with the first grade. After the sixth grade, they have to go to Makassar if they wish further schooling. I asked about a bus. None comes to this kampong, [i.e., Balombaru--Analyst] but one goes to Sungguminasa, and could be gotten on the main road, which incidentally is quite a walk. As usual, evidently, children must walk rather far. A girl about nine or ten came in from the school later. That bus costs 15 guilders per month. [15 rupiah, f.15] I asked about the use of the old Makassarese script. Rahim said that its use and the knowledge thereof are quite general. He added that there was a press in Makassar. 872 346 494 198 435 212

C 565 634 third man in the Aru Pitu, who, together with the Arumpone and the Makadangetana, form the self-government council of the State. With them sits the Sulewatang Udjung, Minister of Information. The same general pattern holds in Wadjo and Soppeng. Each minister has a function, for example, police civil, etc. The Tomarilalang is a young fellow, tall, and good looking. He seems intelligent and quiet; though really dumb as I found out later.

C 565 557 578 I talked with the Tomarilalang about changes, for example, in clothing. I later found out from the Dutch police advisor that the Arumpone fears the Tomarilalang, and others as well, for possible intrigue. I also found out later that the Makadangetana, the old stocky fellow with a mustache who was formerly only a kampong chief, rose slowly until he became even Minister of War. So there is mobility at least within the higher class, and maybe within the middle class.

C 647 563 I talked a great deal with Thierens, a young intelligent Dutch controleur. He is sympathetic toward the native attempt, and like most Dutch now working with them seems to be of the high and democratic type. For example, Thierens asked what I thought was the case among the conservatives who still hold on in Batavia. He saw much trouble ahead for the natives, and I agree. He said that now all the Dutch here are assistants to native officials. The police advisor later said that they were advisors only. I got the idea that the old ways were completely gone. I noticed the great respectful attitude of the Dutch toward native upper classes. They are now the second men. But, as far as I could see, the natives were also very polite. At least this seems to be so in South Celebes.

M 124 291 ●596 609 574 Next day we went to the kampong of Bukaka which is almost inside Watampone. It has a population of about 3,000. I went to the house of the Kepala kampong in my jeep with Sulewatang Udjung and Andi. Sulewatang Udjung is always well dressed. He wears an elaborate, ornate closed jacket and sarong, and on his head the horsehair and gold bordered songkok. He is an old fellow with a bad case of tuberculosis and Thierens warned him to be careful. But when I visit him he offers tea and awful gummy Buginese cake, and I must eat it. A large crowd lives in his house. There is much evidence of an extended family. He said he had eight children and thirty grandchildren. It seems that most of them are here. They are pretty good looking and rather well dressed. This is an indication of why they need political jobs. Andi, for 000 example, works in the Office of Economic Affairs. The Assistant Resident said that his work was not too hard and that

are Mohammedan and are practically Buginese and so it is possible for the people here to marry their women. Marriages with Chinese are all right if they are Mohammedan. If they are not Mohammedan, Buginese girls may live with them without marriage rites, but such girls are practically disowned (note the difference from Java). Arabs are considered as good mates. There was one case of a Dutch controleur, Montel, who married a Buginese in Watumpone. He was a Mohammedan and there was a Mohammedan marriage rite. Several children resulted from this union and then there was a divorce. The girl is now the wife of a Buginese. As for the age of marriage, the average is said to be about fifteen for both the girl and the boy. Formerly the average was somewhat lower perhaps thirteen. It rises slowly. Child marriage is frequent, for example, at the ages of twelve, eleven, and even lower. In some cases of this sort consummation is deferred. There are also some who marry for the first time as late as thirty or thirty-five, even for women. But this is not usual. A number of women of the noble class especially never marry because they cannot find mates of the proper status. This holds much less, if at all, for the men, and for the lower classes seldom operates. If a girl is twenty and is still unmarried this is considered late. They prefer early marriage. There are no age grades. Families are greatly extended, but there are no clans. As for the status of women there has not been much if any change. I told them about Java and the Toradja and they knew a bit about that. Also, they were fascinated at the status of women in the United States. But here, they agreed, the women were really low and there is practically no rebellion. They thought that some change may come but there are no signs of much in this direction as yet. Andi did say that he noticed high status boys and girls walking to and from school together. This was formerly considered awful. However they do not walk very far from the school yard in this fashion. As for inter-class marriages, it is the usual story. If the woman was higher than the man, the man was killed anyway, and perhaps by means of a kris, in as much as there is no taboo on blood here yet. Evidently the woman was thrown into the sea. They agreed that it was a cause of disaster, for example, there would be no rain or no rice, and, in fact, it was like incest. They are very clear on the latter, as were the Makassarese. I asked about the women's club here. I heard that the Radja does not like it and will not even call women by the term wanita. To him they are just prampaun. I said that I had

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